THE WOMEN WHO FEED CATS.

A BAND THAT WORK ALL NIGHT ON A MISSION OF MERCY.

Midaight Ministering Angels in Gossamer and Goloshes Bear Catalp Solace and Unwonted Dulnty Food-Allments They Cure with Chloroform-A Night Pilgrimage with the Seven Staters of Charity.

It is the witching hour of midnight when the homeo of the roof top seeks his Juliet, when the Thomas tenor and the Tabby prima donna warble their serenades, and the cat convert orchestra commences its overture. The mighty heart of the city's life slackens to slower pulse beat. The busy rear of the streets is softened to muffled silence, broken only by the starp clatter of an occasional cap, in which some politician, overcome with patriotic z ad and campaign whiskey, is borne to the bosom of his lamily. Occasionally an old rounder looms un through the gloom, making Vallagt but vague offerts to decide which way he wants to go and to make port. Sprivelled,



THE LANDER.

toothless old hugs and burchended women scurry along through the dackness. Little girls with picebed faces shaded by tangled tresses, slip like wrallby through the mist. On the stoop of an east side tenement a little band of women, angels of mercy with baskuts of nourishing food, wait until the last footstep dies away in the silent street.

Seven is the mystic number of this band of good Samaritans, and each wears upon her breast the sacred emidem of her order, a silver star of Bethlohem, with its motto the



words of the angel's greeting to the shepherds on the plains of Judea. Most of the women are unappropriated spinsters, but one is a widow who has spont her entire fortune in the work; one has clandestinely escaped the tyranny of an unreasonable husband who objected to his wife's prowling about the streets every night until morning by stealing out during his after dinner nap, and one has a convenient kind of a hasband with a specially and appartments of his own. "Tell all the women," said this untransmelled and emanci-pated wife, "that if they want to be reformers they ought to marry chess experts like my husband. He never has time to bother me. While I follow the work which has come to me to do, he follows the fortunes of the knights and queen, and we have no trouble." More than forty pounds of food, besides bottles of milk and boxes of eatsup, are carried by the women, and their leader bears a covered and mysterious basket, strongly made and lined with ollcloth. Within is a black bottle and a folded napkin. She is a tall, lithe woman, this leader. Her step is soft and swift and stealthy; her body is sinewy and agile. Within her gray-green eyes there turns at times strange fire, and her fingers are long and pointed, not unlike a cat's claws.

Swiftly they harry up the avenue to Thirtyeighth street, there, turning into a side street





"roop, helphass thing."

tude roign within the enclosure. But the feetstres of the women are familiar to the inhabitunts of this retreat. Something all grayish
white stirs in the sinds w of a tomb. Two
lails of green fire glow from a fallen footstone.
Thou sundenly the place is alive with eats of
high and low degree. They come bounding
out from the old grayes to the railing, nearer
and nearer. They loap for the food the
women throw out: they growl and sid at
each other in their engerness. Gecasionally
one ventures foo near, and is caught and rocked
to sleep in the basset which now drags as a
heavy weight in the woman's arm, but still she
leads the van with her tricess swift stops. A
little way further they dart down into a narrow passage leading to one of the rear tenements in which the most abjectly poor of the
other half live. A man comes zigzagging dizzily down the passage. You back to the right
to get out of bis way. He lunges to the right
to get out of bis way. He lunges to the right
to get out of bis way. He lunges to the right
to get out of bis way. He lunges to the right
to get out of bis way to be defined a barrel, he
brings up beside you. You begin to understand that you are the one point of definiteness in the map's uncertain herizon. You
stand still, and as that is a physical impossibility for him, he circles out of
your immediate neighborhood, and the
air seems several degrees casier to
breather lie steadles up against the fence
and asks. "What in — you are there for?"
With a courtesy that Lord Chesterfield might



WHY DON'T YOU FEED THE POOR CHILDREN? willy bon't you freed the pools children? have envied, you try to explain. The women are smiling in an unconcerned way. They are used to this sort of thing. The man is too far gone to do any harm and they go on feeding the cats. You are glad when they come out into the street again and leave the man trying to get away from the fence which seems to him to have grown animated and rises up and follows him which ever way he turns. "It's the datumkest fence in the ward." you hear him mutter as he strikes at it with his fist.

TWO YOUNG DIRECT

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The Set Size of Their Trials

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TO YOUNG D the basket, with the comforting "There, honey; no more bringing bables into the The other women frighten the landiser, with their singles, appears her with the judges, appears her with the judges and the judges of the judges and judges and the judges and judges and the judges and j



tainless windows. One of the women hurries for a policeman, and he comes, just as the girl disappears in one of the allers. There is nothing an Irish policeman hates as he hates as "nagur." There is a little skirmish about the place, but as by magic every woolly head has disappeared. The earth has swallowed them up. The lights have gene out in the rickety windows in an instant. The cats come out and gambol in the cathip, and the women sitting on the curb charm and coax the maimed and hait and blind into the magic basset, whose misery is headed. It is 4 o clock when they separate, when the last special "case" has been attended.

Some times it is later. One night the leader, Mrs. Emmons worked all night until 6 o clock in the morning to receue a single tabby imprisoned in a closed house belonging to the Franciscan Brothers. At 6 in the morning the bars gave way and the bundle of bones and fur creet into her arms. "I tried to save her." Mrs. Emmons said, "but the poor little thing was so weak she couldn't retain anything on her stomach, and I had to put her to sleep." And all the women wiped their eyes and said, "Oh, it is terrible, all this misery, this suffering." Pioneers are glways called cranks." says

"Oh it is terrible, all this misery, this suffering."

"Pioneers are always called cranks." says Mrs. Devidé. "but never mind, when we die we will be welcomed by a heat of happy cats, of nobic old horses, and grateful dogs, who, truer and more worthy than human beings in this world, and may be in the next phase of existence called to a higher plane than those who have abused and tortured them here may be allowed to occupy."

BROTHER GARDNER ON FISHING. The Reasonable Fisherman Need Never He

Blumppolated.

lous public conscience was aroused. Instantly the cry was taken up throughout England. Public officers, church conventions, social reform societies, medical journals, all have combined to make the suddenly realized social danger the burning question of the day. And yet the facts have been matters of common in-

dividual knowledge for months, if not for years.

Nearly all are agreed, however, that this is a comparatively new stain upon the national character. Twenty or twenty-five years ago intemperance among the women of Fagland was as rare as it is among the women of America to-day. Nobody so far has even suggested an adequate cause of the startling condition which has at length gained recognition. No-body in the great discussion which has already become national has intimated that the situa-tion indicates peculiar and fundamental de-fects in the British social constitution, which which has at length gained recognition. No-

bones and enting its life; breaking a two-year-old haby's limbe in three places—both arms and a thigh-leaving them untended, and who it meaned in its pain tritably taking it up from its cradle by the broken irritably taking it up from its cradle by the broken arms, shaking it by them, and throwing it down acain; leaving ababy uniffed out of its cralle for weeks, till toutstools grew around the child out of the relationess; leaving another to lie for days and nights on mattress clive with maggets; keeping the stumps of little amputated lex sore, to have the child, with its little face puckered up in pain, to excite pity; tying a rope round a boy of six dipung the infragant leaving for important till exto excite bity; tying a rope round a boy of six, dipung ithin into came, beaving him immersed till exhausted, bringing him in excite time after time; shurting apids repeating the misery time after time; shurting up the hours in dark closel a two year old child tightly building the arms together of a three year old child, and doing the same and can make tike; we going a child alwars in roof ceilers hid its first becking areas, knocking down with the list adving how; driving out

State. "Uncle Eri," as he was familiarly called, was born at Weston, Fairfield county. Conn., on Peb. 17, 1783. His parents were been in England. In 1707 they migrated from Connecticut and settled near what is now the village of Roxbury, in Delaware county, this State. Eri was then about 14 years of age, and distinctly remembered, until a short time before his death, the incidents of his early life when, together with his parents, he tramped across country and set foot upon the soil where he was destined to spend nearly a century of his life. His history will over stand recorded as a part of the history of that section of Delaware county which for years was his home, and in years to come the fact that the town authori-Secretary and an extension of the control of the co ties refused to provide a suitable place for the contenarian to spend his waning years outside of the poor house will confront the residents a chill till it sa mass of and taxpayers of that beautiful vidings on the western face of the tatskills.

Ange grow space on old "Uncle Eri" he naturally became odd, eccentric and troubles.





LUTTLE LUCY BEMIS. There is no mistaking the fact that this is the true children's medicine, and that it occupies in the household the testii in of the lest and surest family remedy. It is perfectly namices to give to nervous restiess, sleepless, and sick intarts and children of any ageleing made from pure and health giving vegetable medicines.

If your child is sick, send instantly to your druggist for a bottle of this wonderfail curr of disease, and when you see your darling gain steadily in health and strength day by day, you, like thousands of other parents, will less the day you served of its margalia.